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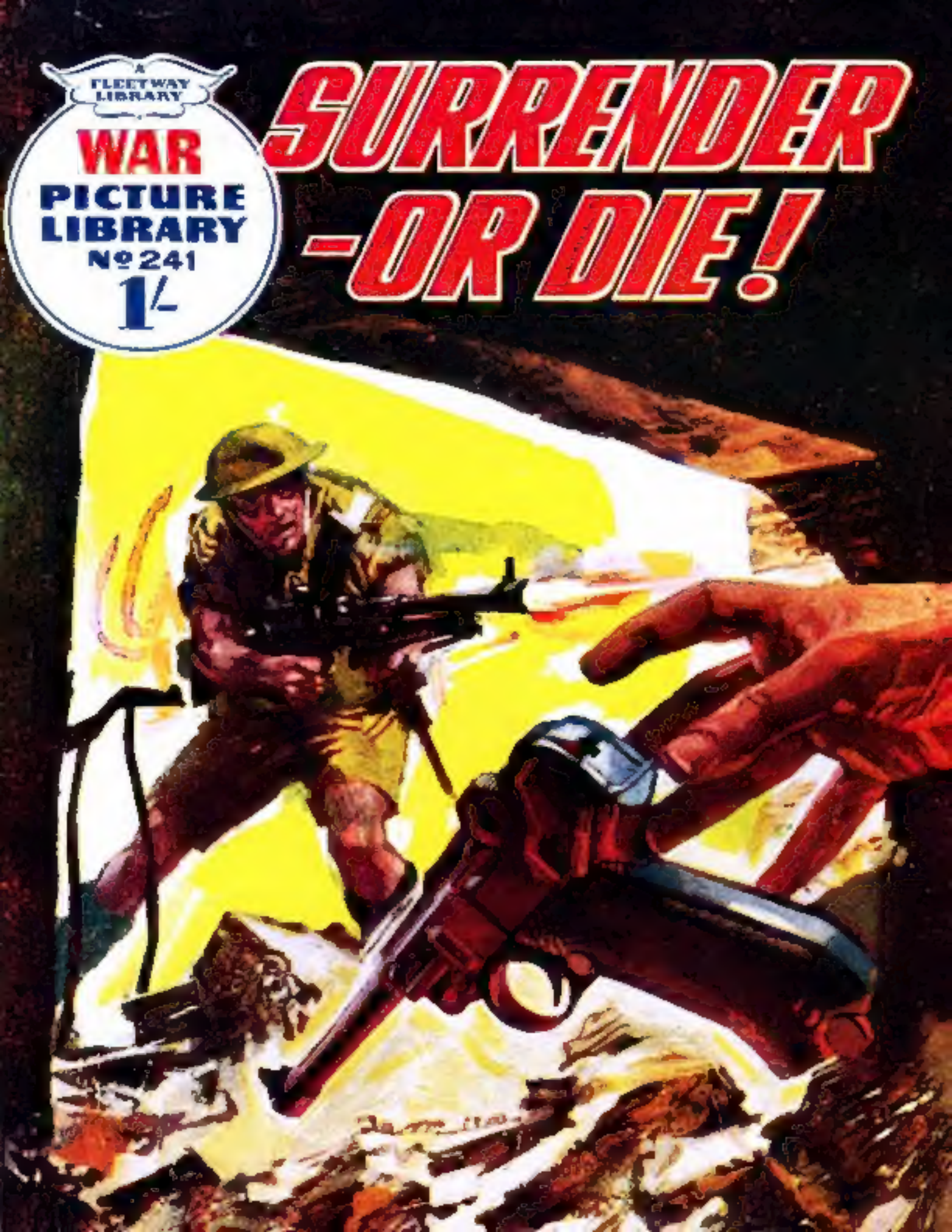
SURRENDER —OR DIE!



EXTRA..! EXTRA..! EXTRA..!

TOPS in holiday reading...

BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY HOLIDAY SPECIAL

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY HOLIDAY SPECIAL

4 all-action picture-stories in EACH issue!

ON SALE FROM 14th MAY

SURRENDER-OR DIE!

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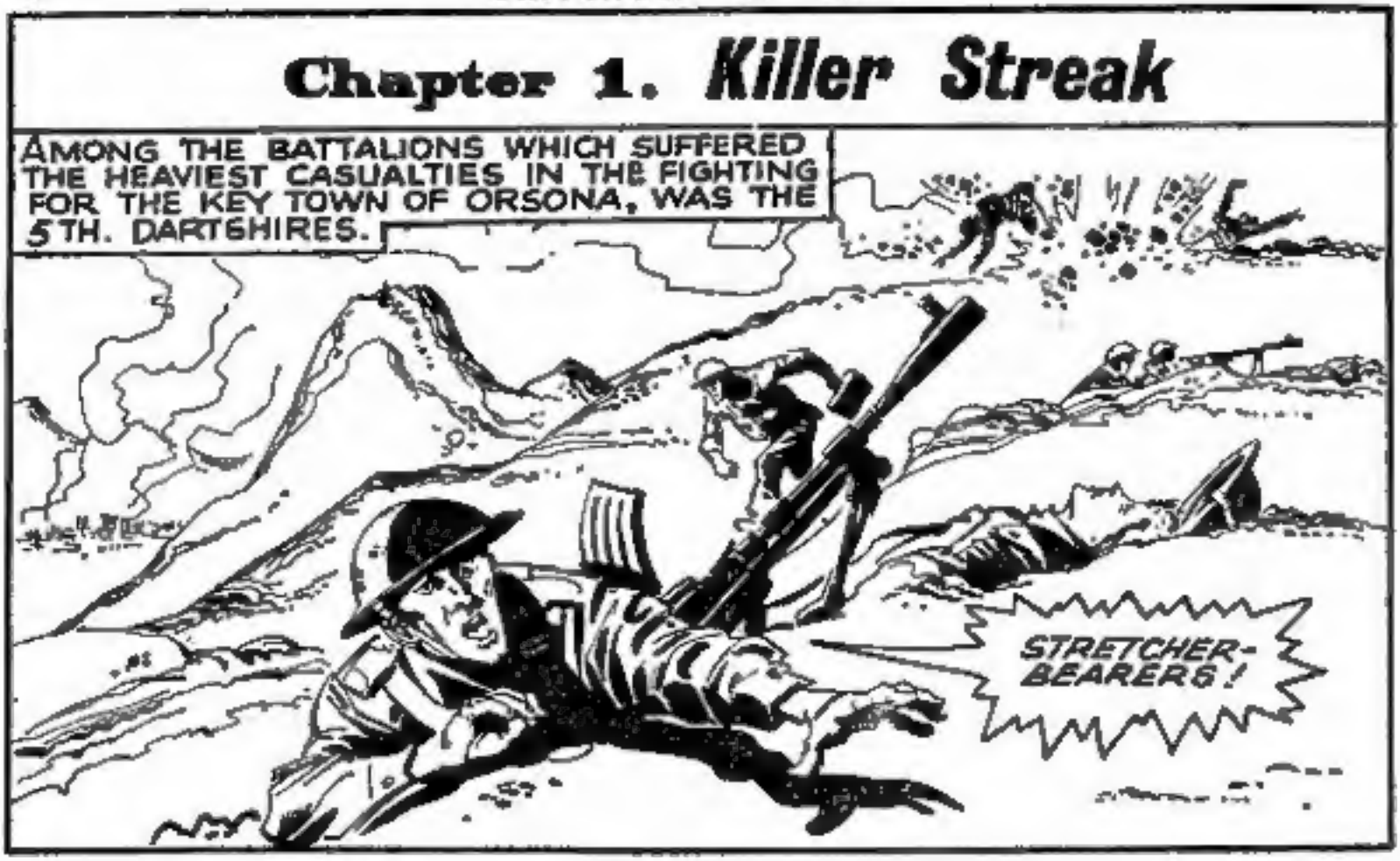
Chapter 1. Killer Streak



EVEN AS THE COLONEL SPOKE, ONE OF HIS NEW OFFICERS WAS SPEEDING TOWARD THE BATTLE-FRONT. HIS NAME—PEREGRINE SMITH. HIS RANK, SECOND-LIEUTENANT.

THE TOUGH-LOOKING DRIVER GLANCED ACROSS AT HIS NERVOUS COMPANION, WITH A BARELY-HIDDEN SMILE.

WHAT MOB 'AVE YOU COME FROM, SIR? THE GUARDS?

ER—NO. I WAS IN THE EDUCATION CORPS. I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHY THEY HAVE SENT *ME* UP TO AN INFANTRY BATTALION.

THE THUNDER OF GUNFIRE GREW LOUDER AND MORE MENACING. SHELLS SEARCHING THE REAR AREAS WHISTLED OVERHEAD TO BURST WITH DEAFENING CRASHES.

'EAVY STUFF! JERRY MUST BE A BIT ANNOYED. YOU'LL SOON GET USED TO THE NOISE, THOUGH, SIR!

IT'S TERRIBLE!

THE LIGHT WAS FADING AS LIEUTENANT SMITH GOT OUT OF THE JEEP AND STARTED TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN TRACK TOWARDS HIS NEW BATTALION H.Q.
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG, SIR. JUST FOLLOW THE PATH TILL YOU COME TO THE WAR!

SOON PEREGRINE SMITH WAS STANDING IN THE ILL-LIT HEADQUARTERS BEFORE COLONEL PEARSON.
GOOD GRIEF! ARE YOU THE ONLY OFFICER REPLACEMENT THEY'VE SENT US?
Y-YES, SIR!

ARE YOU A SPECIALIST IN ANYTHING, THEN, LIEUTENANT?
ER-YES, SIR. ENGLISH LITERATURE AND POETRY. I'VE HAD SEVERAL POEMS PUBLISHED, AND—

THE COLONEL'S FACE BECAME A DELICATE SHADE OF PURPLE...
SUFFERING CATS, MAN! I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOUR EDUCATION! I MEANT... ARE YOU A WEAPONS EXPERT—OR A SPECIALIST IN MINE DETECTING—OR SOMETHING?
N-NO, SIR. NOTHING LIKE THAT!

WITH A SIGH OF RESIGNATION THE C.O. HANDED SMITH OVER TO HIS ADJUTANT AND TURNED TO HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, MAJOR CAREY...
WHAT CAN I DO, MAJOR? BRIGADE INSISTS ON A PATROL TONIGHT TO CAPTURE PRISONERS, AND THAT OFFICER IS THE ONLY ONE I'VE GOT TO LEAD IT!

BUT WE CAN'T SEND HIM, SIR! POET! HE'S NEVER DONE ANY FIGHTING IN HIS LIFE. BY THE LOOK OF HIM, HE COULDN'T EVEN LEAD A CHURCH CHOIR!
I KNOW. BUT WE'LL SEND PRIVATE BROGAN WITH HIM! IT'LL BE BROGAN WHO'LL BE THE REAL BOSS, BUT AT THE SAME TIME WE SHALL HAVE OBEYED BRIGADE'S ORDERS!

WHEN THE C.O. ORDERED PRIVATE BROGAN TO BE BROUGHT TO HIM, THE R.S.M. HAD TO REPORT THAT HE WAS OUT IN NO MAN'S LAND...
WHAT THE DEVIL'S HE DOING OUT THERE?
SEEMS HE SNEAKED OUT ON HIS OWN, SIR. HUNTING FOR JERRIES MOST LIKE!

COLONEL PEARSON'S MOUTH TIGHTENED. ANY OTHER MAN BUT BROGAN HE WOULD HAVE HAD ON THE CARPET. BUT BROGAN WAS IN A CLASS OF HIS OWN...
I DON'T CARE WHERE HE IS, OR WHAT HE'S DOING. I WANT HIM HERE! NOW!
RIGHT, SIR. I'LL GO AFTER HIM MYSELF!

AT THAT MOMENT, PRIVATE "BUTCH" BROGAN WAS WATCHING A GAP IN THE HEDGE THREE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY WITH THE PATIENCE OF A CAT AT A MOUSE-HOLE. THERE WAS A GERMAN BEHIND THAT HEDGE AND, SOONER OR LATER, HE WOULD SHOW HIMSELF.
OKAY, JERRY, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME. WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'VE GOT, IF YOU ONLY KNEW IT!

THE GERMAN DID MOVE, BOBBING OUT OF COVER FOR ONE BRIEF SECOND. THAT WAS ALL BROGAN NEEDED.
AAGH!

BROGAN WAS STARTING TO CRAWL FORWARD WHEN A HARSH VOICE STOPPED HIM IN HIS TRACKS. IT WAS R.S.M BOON...
BROGAN! COLONEL PEARSON WANTS YOU AT ONCE!
OKAY, SERGEANT-MAJOR. I'VE JUST BAGGED A JERRY — JUST WAIT TILL I HOP ACROSS AND GET HIS IDENTIFICATION!
DON'T BE A DARNED FOOL, BROGAN! COME ON BACK — AND THAT'S AN ORDER!
AH, WELL — OKAY!

BUTCH BROGAN CRAWLED BACK WITH THE R.S.M. AND FOLLOWED HIM, GRUMBLING TO HIMSELF, TO BATTALION H.Q.
WHY THE HECK CAN'T THEY LET A BLOKE FIGHT THE WAY HE WANTS TO? I'D HAVE GOT TWO MORE JERRIES IF THEY'D LET ME STAY OUT THERE!

BROGAN HAD BEEN MANY THINGS IN HIS TIME. LUMBERJACK, MERCHANT SEAMAN, PRIZE-FIGHTER. HE DESPISED DISCIPLINE, BUT THE COLONEL WISELY TURNED A BLIND EYE TO MANY OF HIS ESCAPADES.
I'M SENDING OUT A PATROL TONIGHT, BROGAN. I WANT YOU TO GO AS GUIDE. MISTER SMITH HERE WILL BE YOUR OFFICER!
SOME FLIPPING OFFICER! HE COULDN'T FIGHT HIS WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG, FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM.

AFTER DARK, BEFORE THE PATROL STARTED OUT, BROGAN CAME OUT WITH AN ARSENAL OF FIREARMS AND EYED LIEUTENANT SMITH CRITICALLY.
YOU DON'T NEED TO LUG AROUND THAT HEAVY O.D SERVICE REVOLVER, SIR. 'ERE, HAVE ONE OF MY GUNS!
WELL, ER— THANKS, BROGAN!

SMITH CHOSE ONE AT RANDOM AND BROGAN'S EYES LIT UP WITH GUARDED APPROVAL...
THE NEW WALTHER AUTOMATIC, EH? YOU CERTAINLY KNOW YOUR GUNS! THAT'S THE BEST OF THE LOT!

BUT THE REST OF THE PATROL TOOK ONE GOOD LOOK AT THEIR OFFICER AND FEARED THE WORST.
A RIPE CLOT WE'VE GOT LUMBERED WITH THIS TIME, SID!
THEY SAY HE'S A PERISHING POET! CAN YOU BEAT THAT?

AS DARKNESS BLANKETED THE COUNTRYSIDE, THEY SET OFF WITH BROGAN IN THE LEAD...
JUST FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. IF I STOP, YOU STOP!
VERY WELL, BROGAN. THE COLONEL SAID I WAS TO TAKE YOUR ADVICE!

AS THEY MOVED DEEPER INTO NO MAN'S LAND LIEUTENANT SMITH FELT THE TENSION GROWING IN HIM UNBEARABLY.
WE'RE *BOUND* TO COME UP AGAINST THE GERMANS SOONER OR LATER!

THEN IT HAPPENED! A SUDDEN BURST OF FIRE FROM A GROUP OF SPANDAUS ON THE RIGHT FLANK SENT THE PATROL DIVING FOR COVER. BUT FOUR OF THEIR NUMBER WERE TOO SLOW...

AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE SPANDAU STOPPED ITS DEADLY CLATTER. BROGAN CAUTIOUSLY EXAMINED THE FALLEN MEN, THEN GLANCED AT SMITH...
THEY'VE HAD IT, SIR. TOUGH LUCK, THAT! JUST A BIT OF BLIND NIGHT FIRING. WE'RE ON OUR OWN NOW!
O-OH!

SOON THEIR WAY FORWARD WAS BARRED BY A RAVINE AND BROGAN CALLED A HALT.
YOU STAY HERE, SIR, WHILE I GO AHEAD ALONE FOR A BIT!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BROGAN!

SMITH WATCHED BROGAN'S BEAR-LIKE FIGURE FADE INTO THE NIGHT. HE EDGED WARILY FORWARD TO THE RIM OF THE RAVINE. THEN SOMETHING MOVED BELOW—AND THE CRACK OF HIS GUN SPLIT THE DEATHLY SILENCE.

FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE RAVINE CAME A YELL OF PAIN, THEN A CHORUS OF STARTLED SHOUTS.
AGH!
TEUFEL! ENGLANDERS!

SMITH STARTED BACK IN DISMAY, BUT HIS FOOT CAUGHT ON A ROOT AND HE STUMBLED FORWARD, LURCHING OVER THE EDGE OF THE RAVINE. HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER – AND A LONG BURST CAME FROM THE AUTOMATIC...

AT THE BURST OF FIRING, BROGAN HAD WHIPPED AROUND IN TIME TO SEE THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT APPARENTLY CHARGING STRAIGHT DOWN AT THE GERMANS, AUTOMATIC FLAMING.
WOW! WHAT A FIRE-EATER!

SHEER FRIGHT KEPT HIS FINGER GRIPPED CONVULSIVELY ON THE TRIGGER — AND HE COULD SCARCELY MISS THE ENEMY SOLDIERS CLUSTERED TOGETHER.

IN THE DARKNESS, THE GERMANS IMAGINED THEY WERE BEING RUSHED BY A STRONG PATROL. SOME OF THEM PANICKED...
ENGLANDERS! AN AMBUSH!
WE ARE SURROUNDED!
STEADY, YOU FOOLS!

THEN SMITH HEARD A DULL PLOP AND REALISED WITH HORROR THAT IT WAS THE LEVER FLYING OFF ONE OF THE GRENADES AT HIS BELT. THE PIN MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT...
OH, MY GOODNESS!

FRANTICALLY, HE SNATCHED THE GRENADE FROM ITS CLIP AND HURLED IT FROM HIM WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.
PHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK!

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, IT FELL AMID THE ALREADY DEMORALISED GERMANS.
AAAGH!

AUTOMATIC STILL IN HIS HAND, LIEUTENANT SMITH STUMBLED TO A HALT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE. THEN HIS JAW DROPPED IN AMAZEMENT FOR, COMING TOWARDS HIM, WERE SEVERAL GERMANS WITH THEIR HANDS UP.
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE SURRENDERING— TO ME!

MEANWHILE, THE GERMANS WHO HAD TAKEN COVER FROM THE LIEUTENANT'S FIRST HEADLONG ATTACK, HAD RALLIED AND WERE ABOUT TO RUSH BACK TO THE AID OF THEIR COMRADES. THAT WAS WHEN BROGAN STEPPED IN.
OH NO, YOU DON'T! YOU BOYS ARE IN THE BAG — ALL OF YOU!

THE ENEMY RUSHED BROGAN IN A TIGHT GROUP. BUT THE GUN IN HIS HANDS CLATTERED INTO ACTION...

AN OFFICER GOT NEAR ENOUGH TO TACKLE BUTCH BUT THE GIANT ENGLISHMAN PROMPTLY SWUNG THE BUTT OF THE GUN ROUND AND FELLED HIM LIKE AN OX.
UGH!

WITH THE DOWNFALL OF THEIR OFFICER, THE REMAINING ENEMY THREW DOWN THEIR WEAPONS AND SURRENDERED TO BROGAN, WHO HERDED THEM TOWARDS THE REAR...
HMM! NOT A BAD BAG!

A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE RAVINE HE FOUND LIEUTENANT SMITH WITH HIS PRISONERS AND HIS FACE SPLIT IN A BROAD GRIN OF ADMIRATION...
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! YOU CERTAINLY ARE A FIGHTING SON-OF-A-GUN! YOU BLASTED THOSE JERRIES WIDE OPEN!
SMITH WAS JUST ABOUT TO EXPLAIN THAT IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT WHEN HE STOPPED HIMSELF.
MY GOODNESS! HE DOESN'T REALISE IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT! I'D LOOK A COMPLETE FOOL IF I TOLD HIM NOW...

BACK IN THE DARTSHIRES' FRONT LINE, THE ARRIVAL OF THE GREEN YOUNG OFFICER AND THE TOUGH BROGAN WITH THEIR HAUL OF PRISONERS CAUSED A SENSATION...
HEY! LOOK AT THAT! 'ALF A JERRY PLATOON
THE LOOTENANT HERE GOT MOST OF 'EM!
THAT NEW BLOKE MUST BE A SIGHT BETTER THAN HE LOOKS!

COLONEL PEARSON WAS AS SURPRISED AS HE WAS PLEASED...
A GRAND SHOW, SMITH!
WELL, SIR, I WAS—WELL, I WAS LUCKY...

YOUR MODESTY DOES YOU CREDIT, YOUNG FELLER! I DON'T LIKE BRAGGARTS, BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T BE PROUD OF YOURSELF. BRIGADE IS GOING TO BE PLEASED, TOO!

AFTERWARDS, THE C.O. QUESTIONED BROGAN AND THE BIG MAN GAVE VENT TO A HIGHLY COLOURFUL REPORT OF THE PATROL.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT, SIR. MISTER SMITH'S A KILLER! AS SOON AS HE SPOTTED THE JERRIES HE JUMPED STRAIGHT INTO THEM!

VERY IMPRESSED, THE COLONEL DISCUSSED THE AFFAIR WITH THE ADJUTANT.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS A GOOD JUDGE OF MEN, BUT THIS TIME I WAS WRONG. BROGAN SAYS SMITH IS A KILLER- AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW!
AMAZING CHAP, SMITH. SEEMED ALMOST APOLOGETIC ABOUT IT ALL.

Chapter 2. *Spearhead*

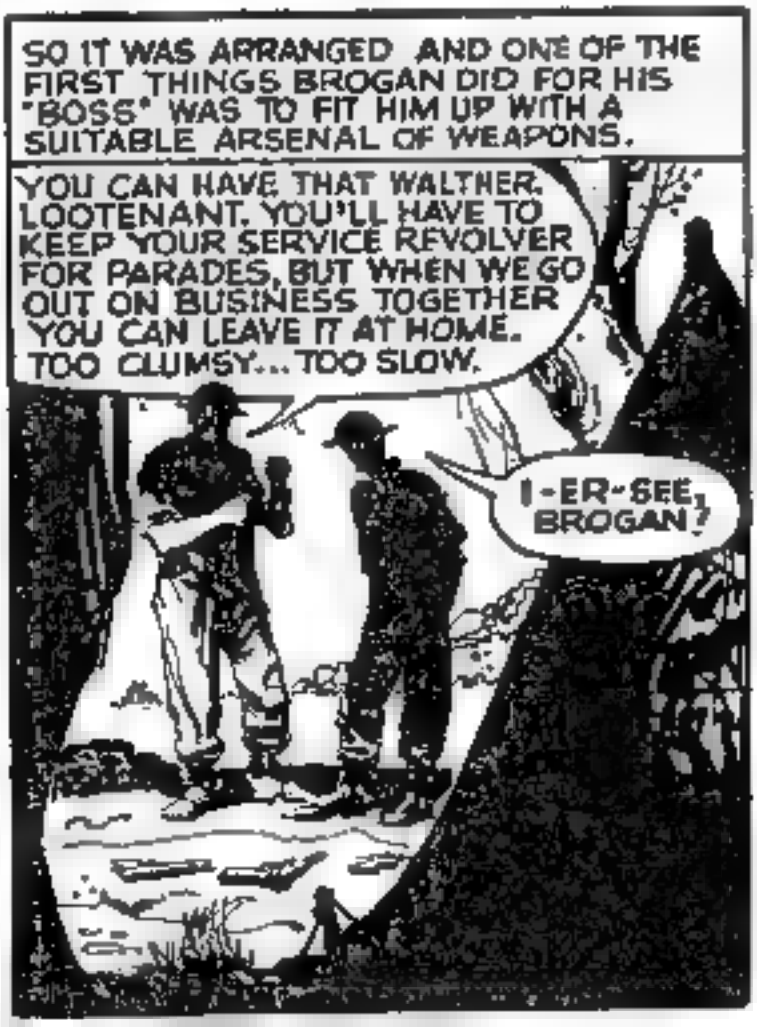
DARKIE SPAT OUT AN OATH AND WHIPPED IN A VICIOUS UPPERCUT. IN A FLASH, THE TWO MEN WERE BATTERING AWAY AT EACH OTHER, TO THE DELIGHT OF THE REST OF THE PLATOON..
THREE TO ONE ON BUTCH BROGAN!
I'LL TAKE YOU, MATE!

IN THE END IT WAS LIEUTENANT SMITH WHO STEPPED RATHER NERVOUSLY BETWEEN THE TWO TOUGH PRIVATES ..
STOP THIS - ER—AT ONCE! WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT?

NO-ONE WOULD TELL HIM, OF COURSE, THE CAUSE OF THE FIGHT AND WHEN HE LEFT, BROGAN AND DARKIE HAYNES MUTTERED FIERCE THREATS AT EACH OTHER...
WE'LL SETTLE THIS SOME OTHER TIME, DARKIE. BUT MEANWHILE—LAY OFF THE LOOTENANT, SEE!

LATER IN THE DAY, BROGAN FOUND THE LIEUTENANT AND PUT FORWARD AN IDEA THAT HAD BEEN BREWING IN HIS MIND FOR SOME TIME ..
YOU'LL HAVE TO HAVE A BATMAN SOONER OR LATER, SIR. WHAT ABOUT HAVING ME? THEN WE COULD WORK TOGETHER— AS A TEAM, I MEAN.
WELL, I DON'T KNOW. IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO, BROGAN!

YOU BET I'M SURE! YOU'RE THE ONLY REAL COLD-BLOODED FIGHTER I'VE MET SINCE I JOINED THIS OUTFIT. THE OTHER GUYS ARE BRAVE ENOUGH, BUT THEY AIN'T GOT THE KILLER INSTINCT LIKE YOU. TOGETHER WE'D MAKE A GREAT TEAM!
WELL, I-I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT


SO IT WAS ARRANGED AND ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS BROGAN DID FOR HIS "BOSS" WAS TO FIT HIM UP WITH A SUITABLE ARSENAL OF WEAPONS.
YOU CAN HAVE THAT WALTHER, LOOTENANT. YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOUR SERVICE REVOLVER FOR PARADES, BUT WHEN WE GO OUT ON BUSINESS TOGETHER YOU CAN LEAVE IT AT HOME. TOO CLUMSY... TOO SLOW.
I-ER-SEE, BROGAN?

PEREGRINE SMITH FELT HIS HEART SINKING AS BROGAN WENT ON...
I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A FEW TIPS IN UNARMED COMBAT - JUST THE JOB FOR SILENT, CLOSE WORK!
OH DEAR! I SUPPOSE HE'S RIGHT - BUT I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY THAT!

NEXT DAY, A STRONG PARTY OF REINFORCEMENTS, INCLUDING OFFICERS, ARRIVED TO MAKE THE BATTALION UP TO STRENGTH. THE COLONEL AND HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND WATCHED WITH RELIEF...
WE'LL GIVE THREE PLATOON TO ONE OF THESE NEW OFFICERS - AND LET SMITH AND BROGAN OPERATE TOGETHER AS A KILLER TEAM.
GOOD IDEA, SIR. THE TWO OF THEM SEEM TO WORK PERFECTLY TOGETHER.

WHEN THE BATTALION MOVED BACK INTO THE LINE NEAR THE TOWN OF REGGIONE, BROGAN CAME TO SMITH WITH A GLEAM IN HIS EYE.
LOOTENANT, I JUST GOT THE GO-AHEAD TO RECCE THAT SNIPERS' POST NEAR THE RUINED CHURCH. WE OUGHT TO MAKE A KILLING IF WE HANDLE IT RIGHT.
OH! G-GOOD

SOON THEY WERE STEALING ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND TOWARDS THE OUTLYING SHELL-TORN VILLAGE OF FAENZA, THAT LAY BETWEEN THE BRITISH LINE AND REGGIONE...
THERE'S THE TOWER THE JERRY SNIPERS USE— TWO OF 'EM, USUALLY. WE'LL FIX 'EM UP!

THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE CHURCH, BROGAN SUDDENLY STOPPED AND FROZE INTO STILLNESS...
SOMEONE BEHIND THAT BUSH. YOU STAY HERE, LOOTENANT!
R-RIGHT, BROGAN.

AS SILENT AS A HUNTING LEOPARD, THE BIG MAN SLID TOWARDS HIS PREY. THEN HE LEAPED...

WITHIN SECONDS, BROGAN WAS BACK...
Y-YOU ALL RIGHT?
SURE THING, SIR. HE WON'T TROUBLE US!

THEY CREPT STILL CLOSER TO THE CHURCH ONLY TO FIND THEIR WAY BLOCKED BY A WALL. BROGAN HAD CLIMBED ALMOST TO THE TOP OF IT WHEN THE MASONRY BEGAN TO CRUMBLE...

HE FELL HEAVILY AND LAY STILL. SMITH SPRANG ANXIOUSLY TO HIS SIDE...

BUT THE CRASH OF FALLING BRICKWORK HAD ROUSED ONE OF THE ENEMY..

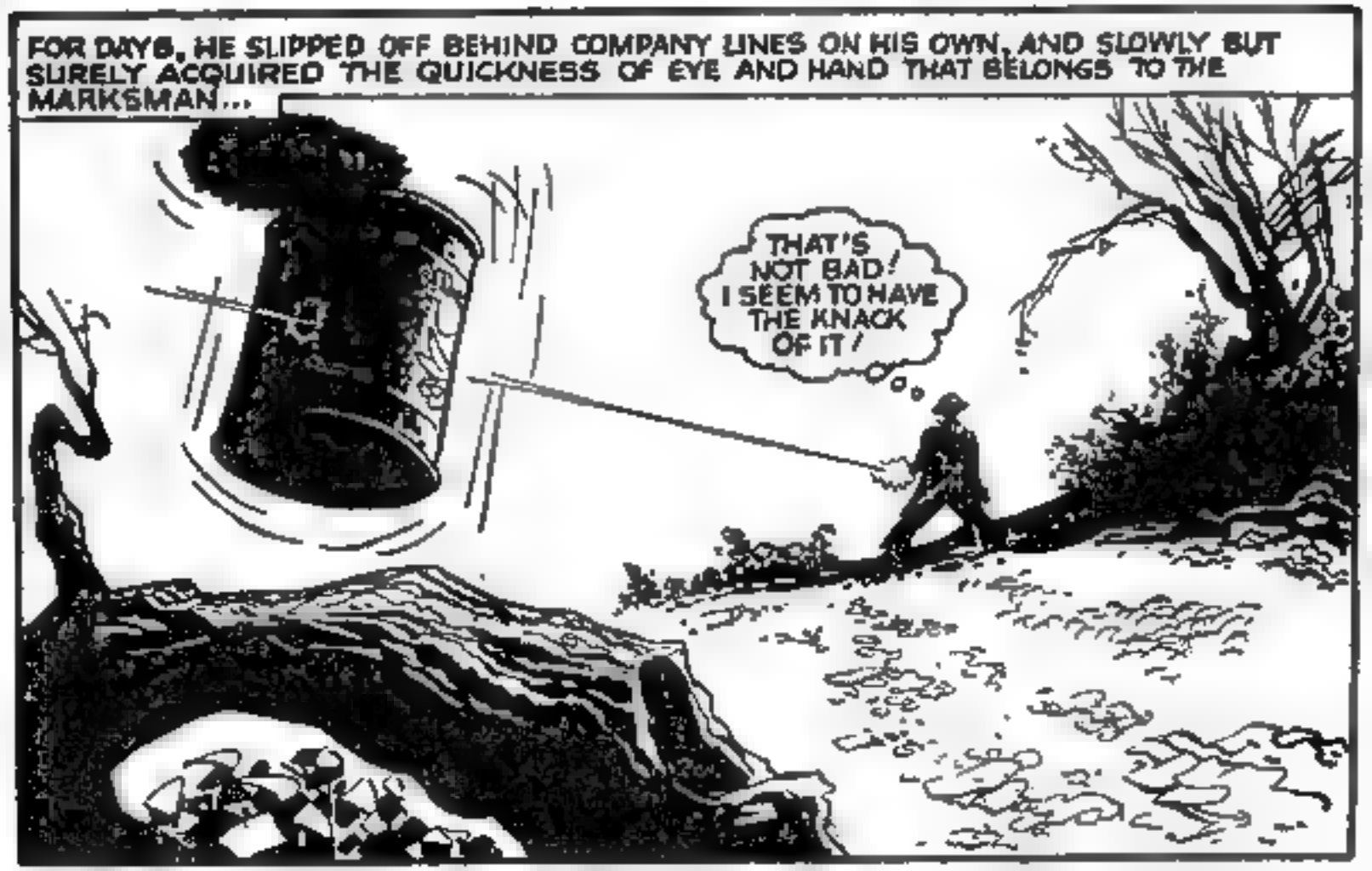
Surrender—or Die !

AS THE GERMAN OFFICER WENT DOWN FROM THAT LUCKY SHOT, TWO MORE GERMANS APPEARED. BUT BY THAT TIME, BROGAN HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS FALL...
AAAGH!

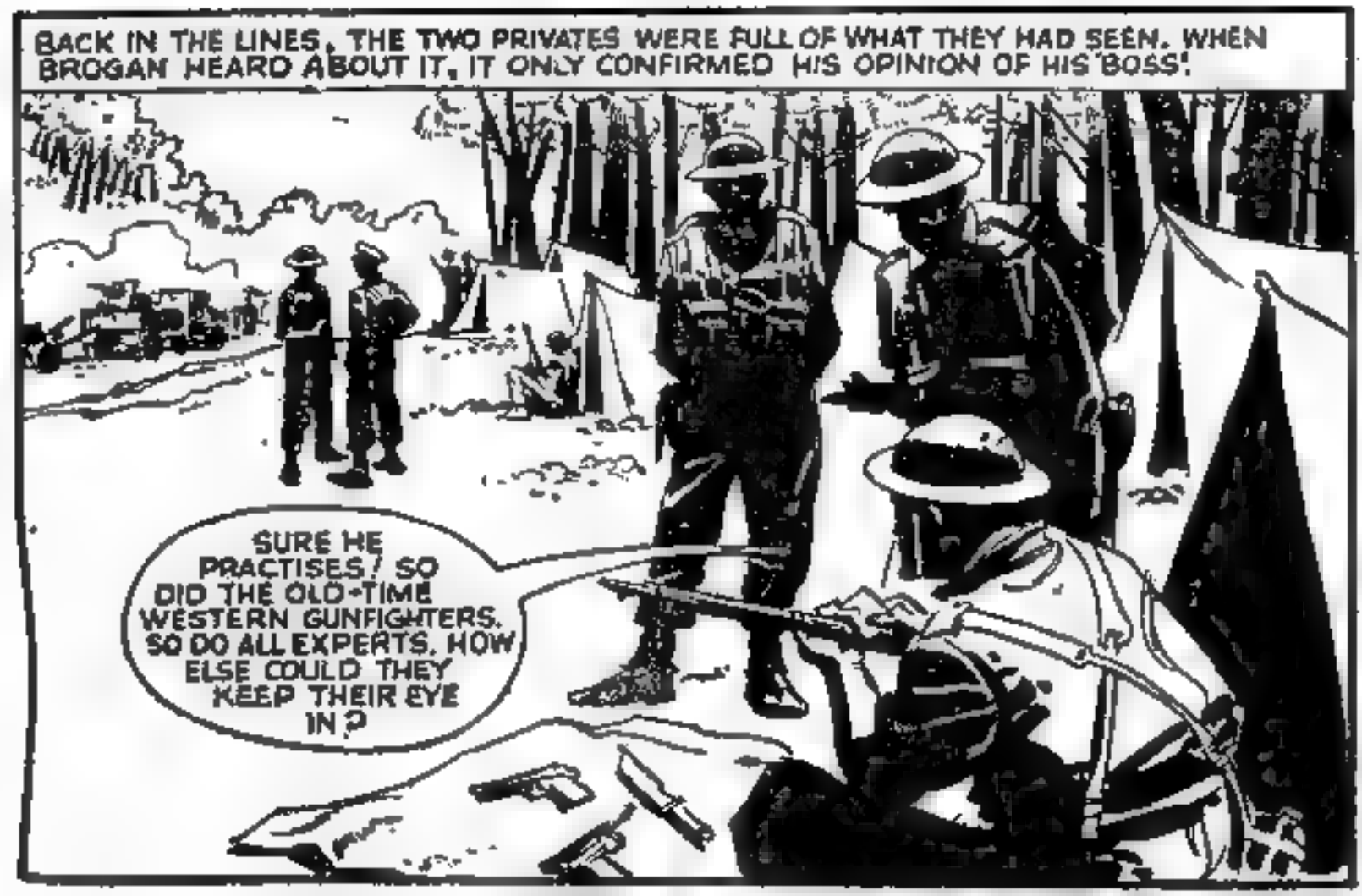
THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS DIED AWAY, BUT MORE ENEMY TROOPS COULD BE HEARD RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCENE...
LET'S GO, LOOTENANT. WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE WHILE OUR LUCK'S IN!

ON THE WAY BACK, BROGAN MADE NO ATTEMPT TO HIDE HIS ADMIRATION...
LOOTENANT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, THAT KRAUT OFFICER WOULD HAVE GOT US FOR SURE!
OH-H, IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT!
ACCIDENT, MY FOOT! IT WAS THE QUICKEST BIT OF GUNPLAY I'VE EVER SEEN OUTSIDE A FILM. YOU'RE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART, SIR!
THE NEWS OF SMITH'S LATEST EXPLOIT SOON GOT AROUND AND THE LIEUTENANT FOUND THAT HE WAS BECOMING FAMOUS.
THAT'S KILLER SMITH!
HIM? A KILLER? LOOKS GREEN TO ME, COBBER!
DON'T LET HIS LOOKS FOOL YOU HE'S DEADLY!

HE HAD HARDLY FIRED A SHOT SAVE BY ACCIDENT, AND HE REALISED THAT SOONER OR LATER THE TRUTH WOULD BE OUT...
I'LL HAVE TO PRACTISE SECRETLY. DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL EVER BECOME AN EXPERT, BUT I'VE GOT TO PUT UP SOME SORT OF SHOW!


FOR DAYS, HE SLIPPED OFF BEHIND COMPANY LINES ON HIS OWN, AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY ACQUIRED THE QUICKNESS OF EYE AND HAND THAT BELONGS TO THE MARKSMAN...
THAT'S NOT BAD! I SEEM TO HAVE THE KNACK OF IT!

THEN ONE DAY HE WAS SPOTTED...
HEY! LOOK AT THAT! IT'S OUR SMITHY!
HE'S SO CRAZY TO SHOOT HE EVEN SPENDS HIS SPARE TIME AT IT!

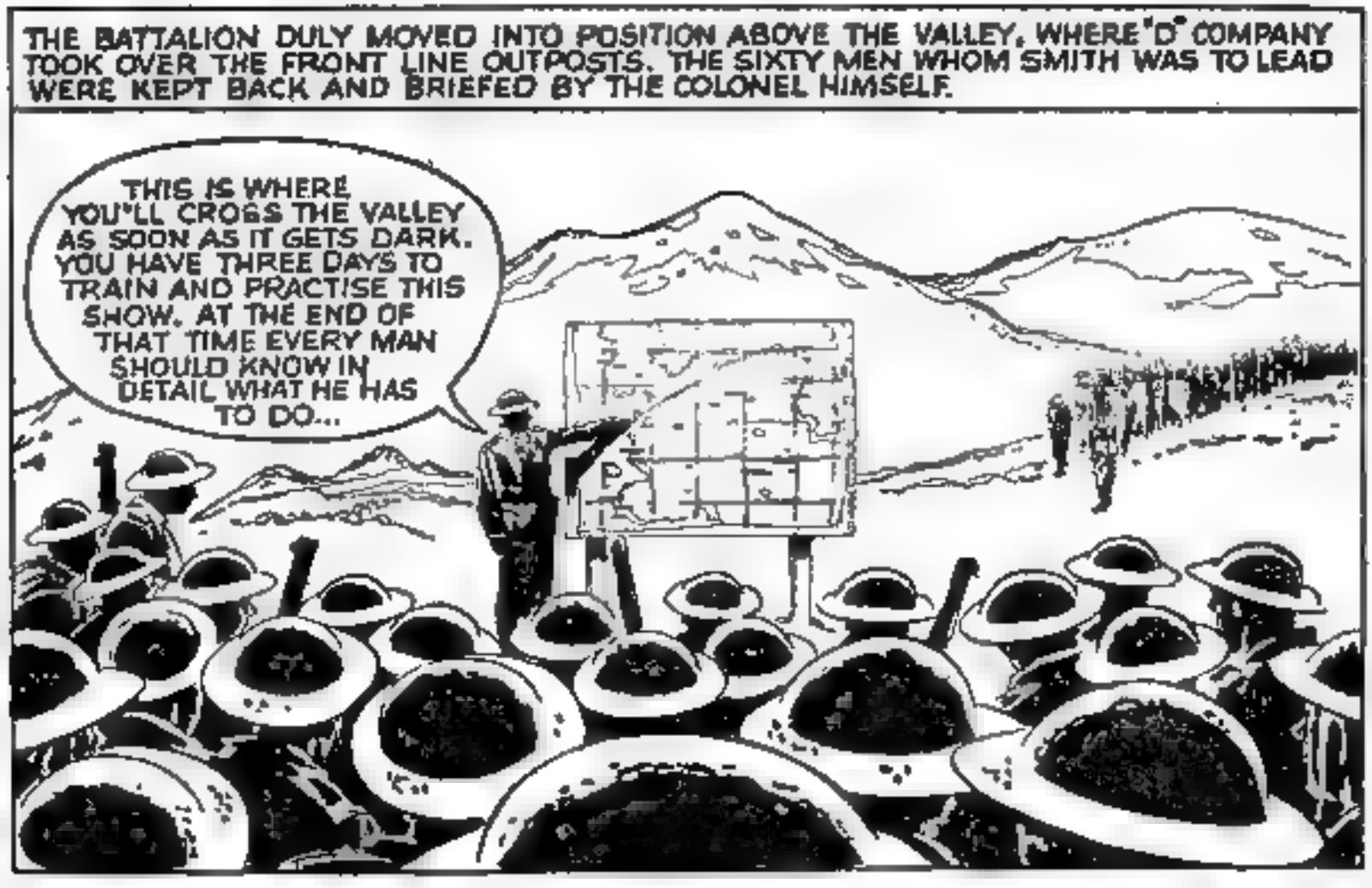

BACK IN THE LINES, THE TWO PRIVATES WERE FULL OF WHAT THEY HAD SEEN. WHEN BROGAN HEARD ABOUT IT, IT ONLY CONFIRMED HIS OPINION OF HIS 'BOSS'.
SURE HE PRACTISES! SO DID THE OLD-TIME WESTERN GUNFIGHTERS. SO DO ALL EXPERTS. HOW ELSE COULD THEY KEEP THEIR EYE IN?

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, KILLER SMITH AND BROGAN CONDUCTED THEIR PRIVATE WAR AGAINST THE GERMANS AND EACH EXPLOIT ADDED TO THEIR PERSONAL REPUTATION...

THE NAME, "KILLER SMITH", BEGAN TO APPEAR IN NEWSPAPER AND RADIO REPORTS.
...AND IN HIS LATEST BULLETIN, OUR CORRESPONDENT REPORTS A NEW EXPLOIT BY THE LEGENDARY 'KILLER' SMITH AND HIS BATMAN, PRIVATE BROGAN, WHO RECENTLY SHOT UP AN ENEMY BRIGADE CONFERENCE...
HEY, PIPE DOWN, YOU GUYS ! I WANNA HEAR ABOUT THIS FELLER SMITH...

Chapter 3. Two-Man Army

WHEN BROGAN HEARD ABOUT IT, HE WAS OVERJOYED...
OF COURSE THEY CHOSE THE BOSS AND ME — WHO ELSE COULD THEY SEND?


THE BATTALION DULY MOVED INTO POSITION ABOVE THE VALLEY, WHERE "D" COMPANY TOOK OVER THE FRONT LINE OUTPOSTS. THE SIXTY MEN WHOM SMITH WAS TO LEAD WERE KEPT BACK AND BRIEFED BY THE COLONEL HIMSELF.
THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL CROSS THE VALLEY AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK. YOU HAVE THREE DAYS TO TRAIN AND PRACTISE THIS SHOW. AT THE END OF THAT TIME EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW IN DETAIL WHAT HE HAS TO DO...

THE DAYS PASSED AND AS THE HOUR FOR THE ATTACK APPROACHED, SMITH GREW MORE AND MORE DESPERATELY WORRIED.

IF I LEAD THIS MISSION, IT'LL END IN DISASTER. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO - I'LL DESERT - GET LOST UNTIL THEY'VE GONE! THEN THEY'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE AS A LEADER!

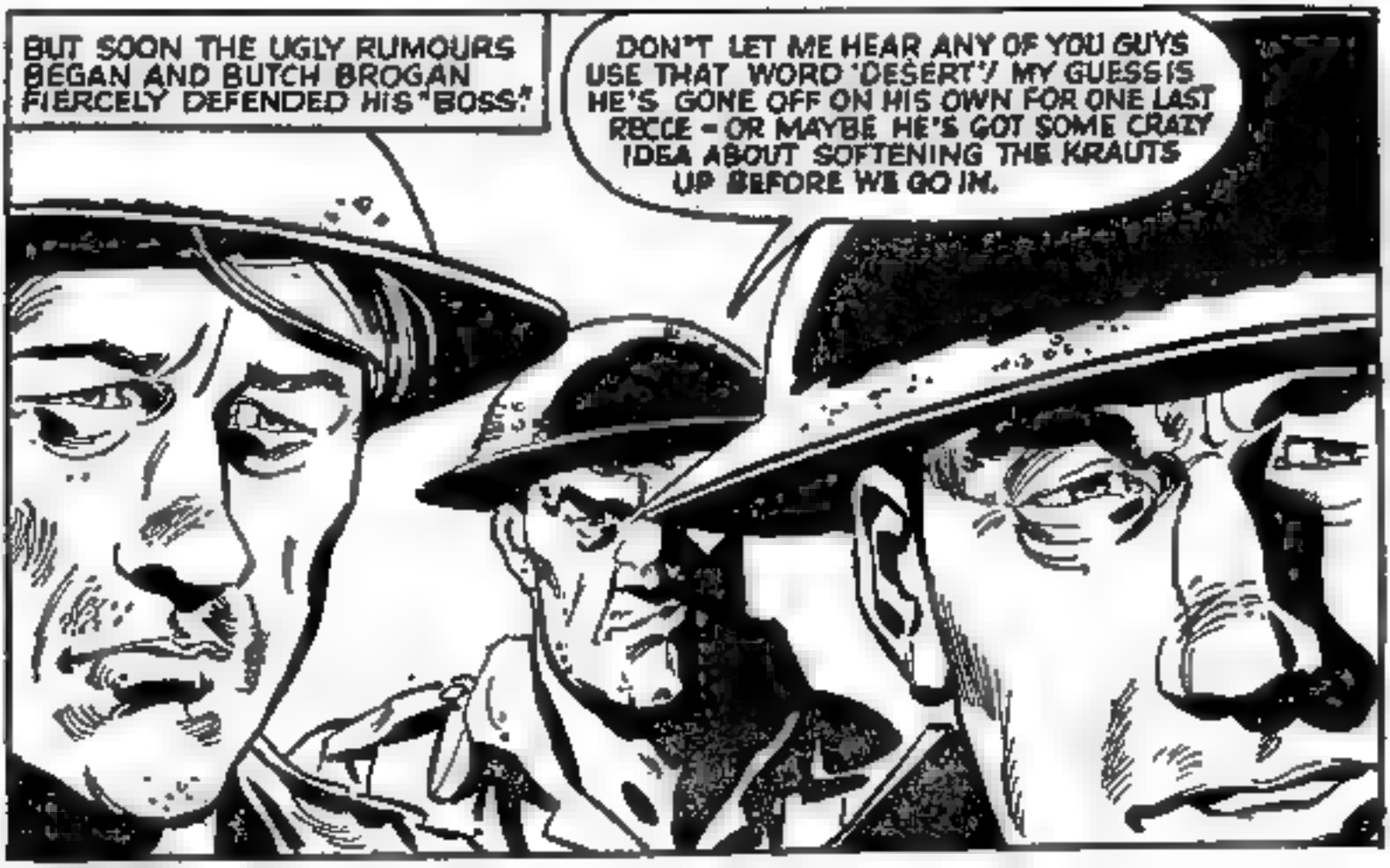
THAT AFTERNOON, HE SLIPPED FURTIVELY AWAY THROUGH THE TREES AND OLIVE GROVES, AND NO-ONE SAW HIM GO.

THEY'LL THINK I'M A COWARD - BUT IT'S THE BEST THING TO DO. I SHAN'T HAVE MEN'S LIVES ON MY CONSCIENCE...

SOON THE AMAZING NEWS SPREAD THROUGH THE BATTALION. "KILLER" SMITH WAS MISSING...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. IT'S NOT LIKE HIM, AT ALL!

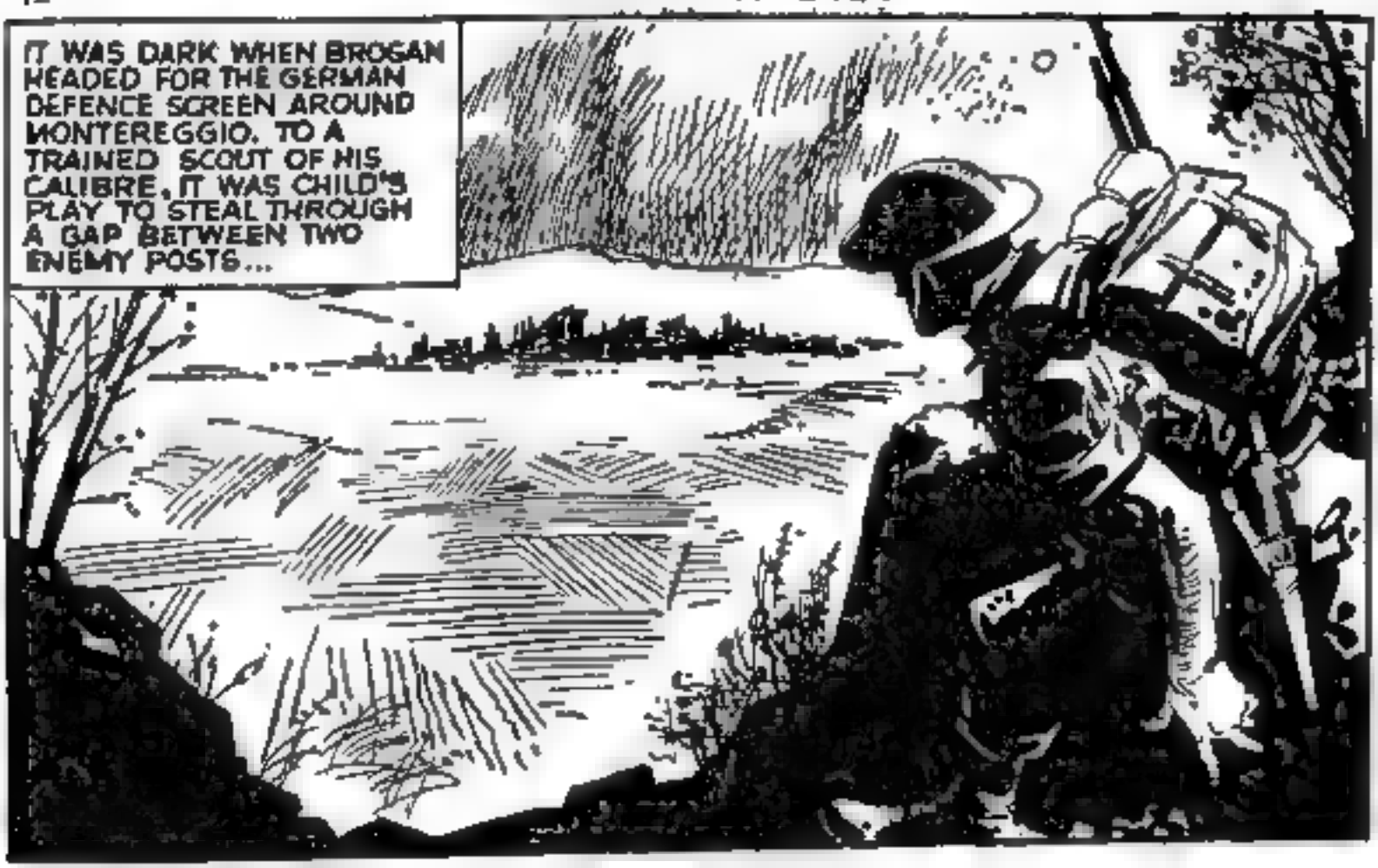
HE MAY HAVE BEEN HIT BY A STRAY SHELL DURING THAT LAST STONK THE GERMANS PUT DOWN, SIR. AFTER ALL, HE'S ALWAYS WANDERING OFF ON HIS OWN TO PRACTISE HIS SHOOTING.


BUT SOON THE UGLY RUMOURS BEGAN AND BUTCH BROGAN FIERCELY DEFENDED HIS "BOSS!"
DON'T LET ME HEAR ANY OF YOU GUYS USE THAT WORD 'DESERT'! MY GUESS IS HE'S GONE OFF ON HIS OWN FOR ONE LAST RECCE - OR MAYBE HE'S GOT SOME CRAZY IDEA ABOUT SOFTENING THE KRAUTS UP BEFORE WE GO IN.

WHEN THE LIGHT BEGAN TO FADE AND STILL SMITH HAD NOT APPEARED, BROGAN GRIMLY PUT ON HIS EQUIPMENT...
ONLY ONE THING TO DO, I'M GOING OUT TO FIND HIM!
YOU'RE OFF YOUR NUT, BROGAN! YOU STAY HERE — AND THAT'S AN ORDER!

BROGAN BRUSHED AWAY THE SERGEANT'S RESTRAINING ARM...
GO CHASE YOURSELF! ANYONE WANTS ME, THEY'LL FIND ME SOMEWHERE AROUND THE MAIN STREET IN MONTEREGGIO!

Surrender—or Die!



HE STARTED FORWARD AGAIN AND WAS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE LITTLE TOWN WHEN A GERMAN BARRAGE BROKE IN A THUNDEROUS CANNONADE. SUDDENLY HE FOUND HIMSELF WITHIN FEET OF ENEMY INFANTRY COLUMNS...

THE SQUAREHEADS HAVE BEATEN US TO IT — WITH A SURPRISE ATTACK!

HE CHOSE HIS MOMENT TO REACH BETTER COVER BUT WAS UNLUCKY. A PARTY ROUNDED A CORNER AND HE WAS FORCED TO OPEN FIRE...

ACHTUNG!

TAKEN OFF GUARD, THE GERMANS WERE TOO SLOW FOR BROGAN AND HE DROPPED THEM ALL. THEN HE DIVED INTO THE THICKEST SHADOWS...

HANG IT— THAT'S PUT THE CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS!

WITHIN SECONDS, MORE GERMANS WERE ON THE SPOT — BUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER THERE WAS NO SIGN.

I HEARD THE SHOTS, HERR LEUTNANT— BUT SAW NO-ONE!

WELL, THEY DIDN'T SHOOT THEMSELVES! IT MUST BE ENGLANDERS, YET THEIR FRONT LINE IS AT LEAST A MILE AWAY!

BUT ALREADY THE GERMAN ATTACK WAS ROLLING FORWARD. IT COULD NOT BE STOPPED FOR AN ISOLATED INCIDENT. AN IMPATIENT HAUPTMANN BELLOWED AT THE YOUNG LEUTNANT..

MOVE ON THERE! TAKE UP YOUR POSITIONS— SCHNELL!

NOW THE BRITISH ARTILLERY WAS REPLYING, ITS SHELLS RAKING THE STREETS WITH FLYING SHRAPNEL....

INTO THE CELLARS OF THIS HOUSE, HANS— WE'LL BE SAFE THERE!

BUT THE TWO GERMANS WERE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO CHOOSE THE HOUSE WHERE BROGAN WAS HOLED UP..

SORRY, JERRY! THIS IS MY BILLET...

HARDLY HAD THE SECOND GERMAN HIT THE GROUND BEFORE BROGAN SLIPPED AWAY TO A NEW POSITION, ANXIOUS TO LOSE HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWY WASTE OF BROKEN HOUSES.

GOT TO KEEP ON THE MOVE. ONCE THEY KNOW WHERE I AM I'LL BE UP AGAINST IT!

THE ODDS WERE BUILDING UP AGAINST BROGAN, ALREADY. TWO SECTIONS FROM A SUPPORT UNIT WERE HUNTING HIM DOWN.
THE SWINE IS *SOMEWHERE* IN THIS AREA! BE CAREFUL YOU DO NOT FIRE ON YOUR OWN MEN!

MEANWHILE, LIEUTENANT SMITH HAD BEEN LYING UP IN THE WOODS, HIS MIND IN A TORMENT AS HE LISTENED TO THE DISTANT DIN OF BATTLE. YET IT WAS NOT FEAR OF DEATH THAT HELD HIM THERE, BUT FEAR OF FAILURE...
FROM THE SOUND OF IT, THE GERMANS HAVE STRUCK FIRST—AND I'M NOT THERE WITH THE OTHERS. HOW WOULD I EVER BE ABLE TO FACE BROGAN AGAIN? I MUST GO BACK!

INSTEAD OF GOING NEAR BATTALION HQ., SMITH MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE SPOT WHERE HIS MEN WOULD BE WAITING. THE FIRST TO SEE HIM WAS SERGEANT COLLINS.
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! WE'VE GOT NEW ORDERS. OUR RAID IS SCRUBBED, AND WE'RE TO BE READY TO REINFORCE ANY THREATENED PART OF THE LINE!

SMITH SCANNED THE FACES OF THE PATROL...
WHERE'S BROGAN?
OUT IN MONTEREGGIO SOMEWHERE, SIR. HE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE THERE, AND HE WENT TO LOOK FOR YOU. HE SAID HE'D BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE MAIN STREET...

SMITH'S FACE PALED AND HE SQUARED HIS SHOULDERS. GRIMLY HE TURNED TOWARDS THE BATTLE...
SIR? WHERE ARE YOU GOING? OUGHTN'T YOU TO WAIT HERE?
I'VE GOT TO FIND BROGAN. IT'S MY FAULT HE'S OUT THERE. TAKE OVER, SERGEANT

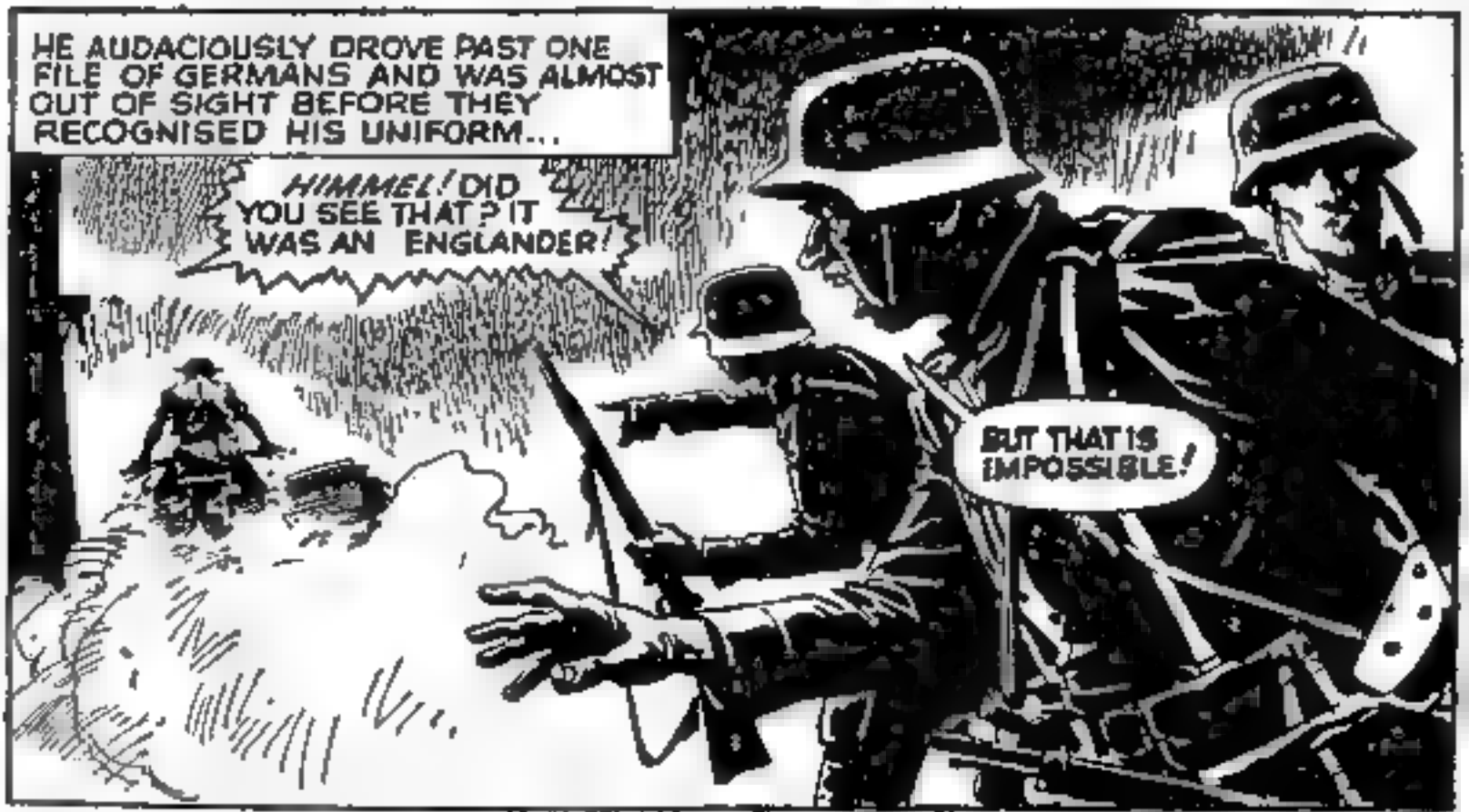
THE FRONT LINE WAS UNDER HEAVY SHELLFIRE AND NO-ONE CHALLENGED THE YOUNG OFFICER AS HE HEADED OUT INTO NO MAN'S LAND – TOWARDS THE ENEMY.
WHO THE HECK WAS THAT?
LOOKED LIKE KILLER SMITH!
THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT / HE'S CRAZY ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING!

A REED-GROWN DITCH GAVE SMITH COVER AS HE MOVED FORWARD, CONCEALING HIM FROM GERMANS WHO PASSED ONLY YARDS AWAY.

PANTING HEAVILY, HE REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF MONTEREGGIO UNSEEN ~ THEN HEARD THE RATTLE OF AUTOMATIC FIRE AND THE CRACK OF BURSTING GRENADES. THAT WAS WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR ~ A BATTLE WITHIN A BATTLE ..
WILL BE BROGAN!

AS HE DIVED INTO A NARROW ALLEYWAY, A DESPATCH-RIDER TURNED INTO IT FROM THE OTHER END. HE STOOD HIS GROUND AND WITH NEW-FOUND DETERMINATION CUT LOOSE WITH HIS PISTOL...

THE ENGINE OF THE GERMAN MACHINE WAS STILL RUNNING AND SMITH MOUNTED IT, ROARING TOWARDS THE SOUNDS OF THE FIGHT...
IT WAS A BOLD MOVE, WORTHY OF THE FEARLESS BROGAN HIMSELF.


HE AUDACIOUSLY DROVE PAST ONE FILE OF GERMANS AND WAS ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE THEY RECOGNISED HIS UNIFORM...
HIMMEL! DID YOU SEE THAT? IT WAS AN ENGLANDER!
BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

THEN HE CAME TO THE PLACE WHERE BROGAN WAS BESIEGED, AND SKIDDED TO A HALT. GUN IN HAND, HE STOLE UP BEHIND THE GERMANS.

BROGAN WAS PUTTING UP THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE, AND RELISHING EVERY MOMENT OF IT.
FRITZ - YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!

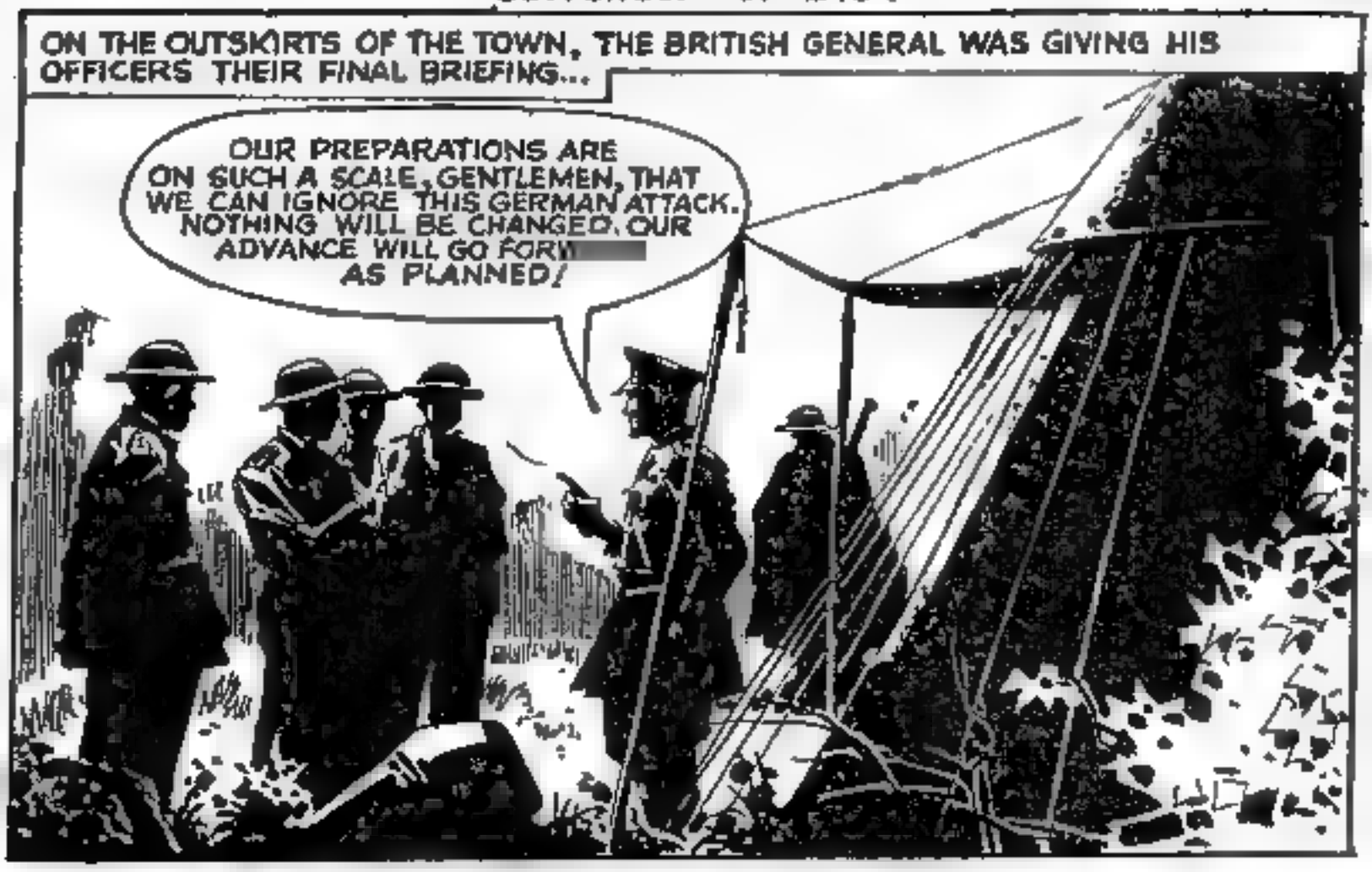
BUT ONE WELL AIMED GRENADE COULD HAVE ENDED BROGAN'S RESISTANCE. THEN LIEUTENANT SMITH JOINED IN ... WITH A DEADLY-ACCURATE SHOT FROM THIRTY FEET.

THE GRENADE FELL FROM THE GERMAN'S GRASP AND EXPLODED WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT AMONG THOSE NEARBY. SMITH SEIZED THE CHANCE AND RUSHED HEADLONG TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

BROGAN COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES... AND GAVE A HOARSE YELL OF DELIGHT...
IT'S THE BOSS!

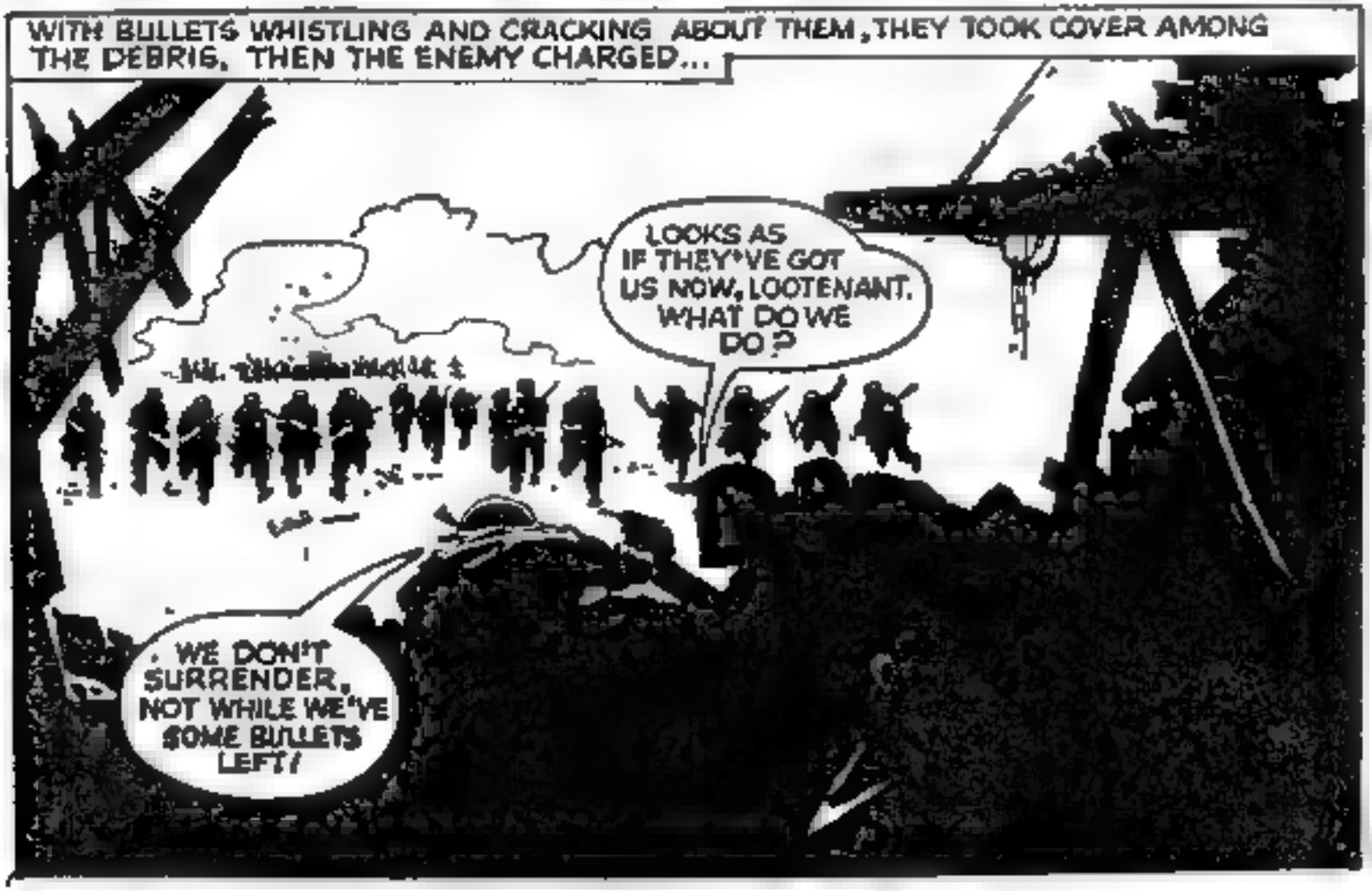
NEXT MOMENT, THEY WERE TOGETHER — AND THE LOOK OF PRIDE AND RELIEF ON BROGAN'S GRID-IRONED FACE WARMED SMITH'S HEART.
I KNEW YOU'D TURN UP, LOOTENANT! NOW IT'S THE OLD FIRM — AND WE CAN HOLD OUT UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME!

Surrender—or Die!


ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN, THE BRITISH GENERAL WAS GIVING HIS OFFICERS THEIR FINAL BRIEFING...
OUR PREPARATIONS ARE ON SUCH A SCALE, GENTLEMEN, THAT WE CAN IGNORE THIS GERMAN ATTACK. NOTHING WILL BE CHANGED. OUR ADVANCE WILL GO FORW AS PLANNED!

BUT TIME WAS RUNNING OUT FOR SMITH AND BROGAN. THE GERMANS HAD BROUGHT A PANZER INTO THE UNEQUAL BATTLE...
WE'RE FOR IT NOW, LOOTENANT. WONDER THE KRAUTS DIDN'T DO THIS BEFORE!

TWO SHELLS, FIRED IN QUICK SUCCESSION, BLEW A GREAT GAP IN FRONT AND SIDE WALLS. THE ROOM FILLED WITH DUST AND SMOKE AND THE TWO DEFENDERS, COUGHING AND GASPING, WERE FORCED TO LEAP FOR DEAR LIFE.


WITH BULLETS WHISTLING AND CRACKING ABOUT THEM, THEY TOOK COVER AMONG THE DEBRIS. THEN THE ENEMY CHARGED...
LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE GOT US NOW, LOOTENANT. WHAT DO WE DO?
WE DON'T SURRENDER, NOT WHILE WE'VE SOME BULLETS LEFT!

SOMETIMES, FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE—AND SO IT WAS FOR SMITH AND BROGAN. FROM THE SOUTH CAME FLIGHTS OF ALLIED BOMBERS BLANKETING THE TOWN WITH THEIR CARGOES OF DEATH. THE GERMAN ASSAULT GROUP MELTED AWAY IN THE STORM OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.
THIS IS IT/OUR BIG PUSH HAS STARTED!

BRITISH PARATROOPS WERE DROPPING EVERYWHERE AND THE GERMANS HAD TOO MUCH ON THEIR HANDS TO WORRY ABOUT SMITH AND BROGAN. FOR SOME TIME THE BATTLE RAGED UNTIL AT LAST, THE SURVIVING ENEMY RAISED THEIR HANDS IN SURRENDER. MONTEREGGIO WAS CAPTURED.
IT'S ALL OVER! JERRY'S GIVEN UP!

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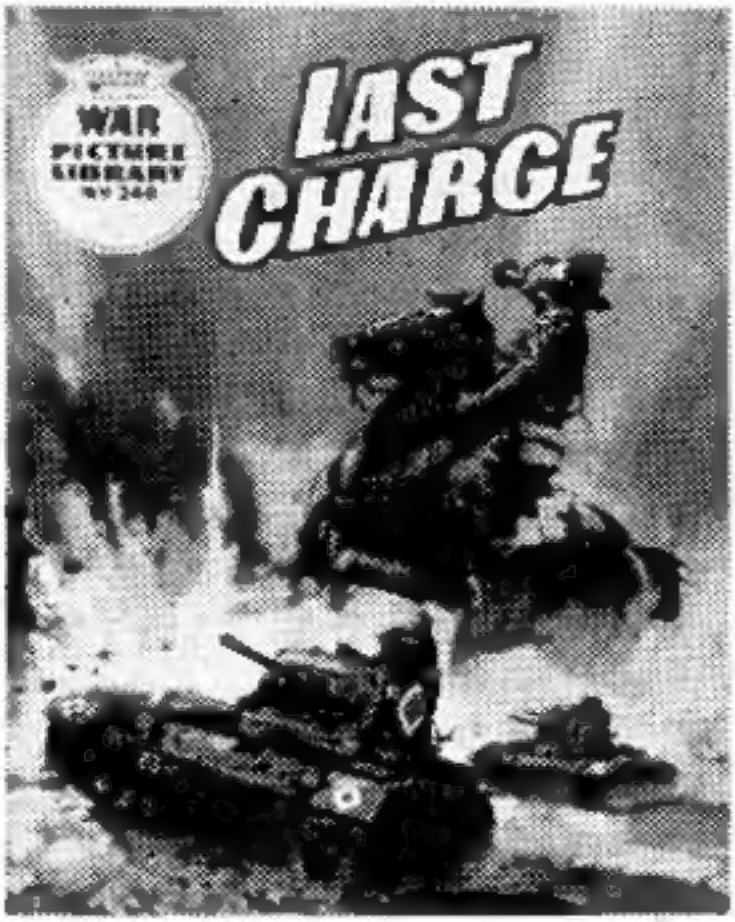

The days of the Aussie cavalry were numbered—but their courage and daring won them immortal glory.

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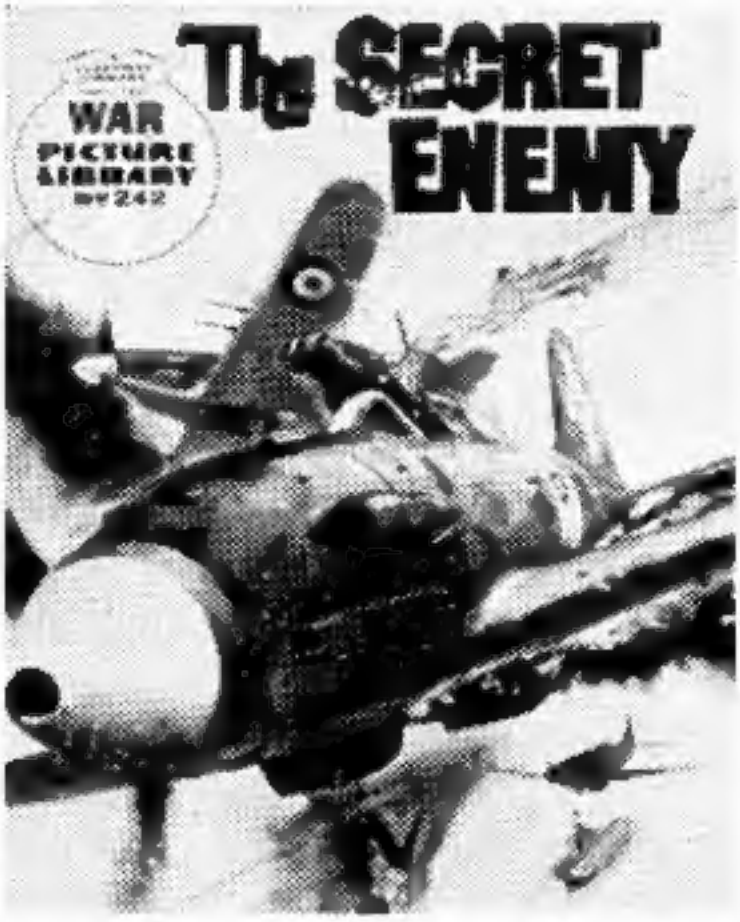

A murderer stalked the decks of the aircraft carrier, striking viciously and without warning.

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